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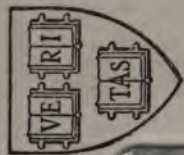
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**MUSA PROTERVA:**  
**LOVE-POEMS OF THE RESTORATION.**

*Gay, frolic verse for idle hours,  
Light as the foam whence Venus sprang ;  
Strains heard of old in courtly bowers,  
When Nelly danced and Durfey sang.*

# MUSA PROTERVA:

LOVE-POEMS OF THE  
RESTORATION.

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN.

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## PREFACE.

THE poems in my anthology *Speculum Amantis* belonged, with few exceptions, to the first half of the seventeenth century. In the present volume I have attempted to deal with the love-poetry of the Restoration and Revolution.

Manners were loose in the days of "old Rowley," and poets too frequently indulged in ribaldry.<sup>1</sup> No sensible reader will tolerate the foul and tedious grossness of the abandoned Rochester; and the obscenities of Restoration Drolleries have no place in honest literature. Who would care to watch a crew of goldfinders dancing round the shrine of Venus Cloacina? By all means let us shun such unedifying spectacles; but we need not wrap a thick cloak of prudishness about us and put on

<sup>1</sup> Professor Alexandre Beljame, in the early chapters of his learned and valuable work *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au Dix-huitième Siècle*, discusses this subject very fully.

a vinegar aspect. I like to see the Muse in good humour. Prior's lightest verses do not offend me, and I am enlivened by Sedley's gaiety. A few of the poems here collected may occasionally pass the bounds of strict decorum; but it will be found that these delinquencies (never of a violent character) are atoned by some happy jerk of fancy or playful sally of wit.

The Restoration was not one of the great ages of English poetry. Even in the poorest of Elizabethan dramatists and lyrists we find flashes of Shakespearean imagination, stray breaths of divine harmony, touches of romantic tenderness. But one may read Shadwell's plays (and they are well worth reading) from end to end without once catching a note of higher poetry. Shadwell is thoroughly representative of his age; he was the Ben Jonson of the Restoration,—Jonson stripped of his graces. Of the noble dramatists—"the giant race before the flood"—Shirley alone survived. Oldys tells how "young persons of parts" used to resort to Chapman in his declining days "as a poetical chronicle"; but no such homage was paid to Shirley by the wits of the Restoration. The author of *The Lady of Pleasure* and *The*

*Grateful Servant, The Cardinal* and *The Traitor*, would surely in any generous age have won the respect and gratitude of younger aspirants to fame, but Shirley at the end of his honourable career had to encounter neglect and contumely.

There was a dash of vulgarity, an absence of refinement and romance, in the dissipation of the king and his courtiers. In such uncongenial soil the rarer flowers of poetry could not take root. The finest poem in the present collection is Andrew Marvell's "Address to his Coy Mistress." There we have the clear spirit of poetry!—

. . . "But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity." . . .

This is hardly the strain in which the Court poets wooed their mistresses. Marvell, the friend of Milton, was a rare visitor at Court.

Cowley does not come within our scope, for "The Mistress" was published in 1645. It is said that in later life he showed "an aversion to the company of women"; he did indeed pay (in 1664) a poetical tribute to the memory of Katherine Philips, the matchless Orinda, but long before the



Restoration he had ceased to write love-poetry. Waller, who died in 1687 at the ripe age of eighty-two, was regarded in Charles II.'s time and for many years afterwards as the master of harmonious numbers, the refiner of English speech, the Phoenix of politeness. "His compositions," wrote Gerard Langbaine in 1690, "are universally applauded; and they are thought fit to serve as a standard for all succeeding Poems." He is only now recovering from the damage inflicted on his reputation by such extravagant eulogy. His happiest lyrics were written in the days of Charles I.; but the tone and temper of his poetry connect him rather with the writers of the Restoration than with Suckling or Randolph. For chronological reasons I have reluctantly excluded him from my anthology.

Flatman and Charles Cotton are not seen to best advantage in their love-poetry. I have a great liking for both, and heartily regret that the former bore so unfortunate a name. Undoubtedly Flatman was a man of genius. His miniatures, though they are inferior at all points to Cooper's matchless masterpieces, are often singularly attractive, and his verses in praise of Faithorne are a splendid tribute to the worth of that distinguished

master; but the fine and solemn poems inspired by his meditations on death constitute his chief claim to remembrance. Nahum Tate was a fervent admirer of Flatman; both were serious-minded poets (if Tate may be reckoned among the poets) in an age of frivolity. Charles Cotton's accomplishments were many and varied. He could throw a fly with any man in Christendom; he was a recognized authority on gardening; he made an excellent translation of Montaigne; he wrote that most entertaining and ingenious treatise *The Compleat Gamester*; and he keenly appreciated the virtues of nut-brown ale. His creditors harried him, and, to escape their importunity, he had often to fly from his house at Beresford and take refuge in a cave beside the Dove. But, in debt or in drink, he was always "honest cheerful Master Cotton." His poems addressed to Izaak Walton, and his ode on Winter, are not likely to be lightly forgotten. Here was a man of parts, a free frank jovial spirit, a boon-companion, a scholar, and a poet!

Sir William Davenant continued his literary activity to the end of his days. Born in 1605, he had been a copious writer for the stage in the reign

of Charles I. An ardent loyalist, he had suffered some inconveniences—in the way of imprisonment—at the hands of the Parliamentarians. Much of his time was spent in France, where he had the misfortune to lose his nose. His briskness astonished younger men. “I found him,” said Dryden, “of so quick a fancy that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising.” On Restoration literature his influence was considerable.<sup>1</sup>

The songs in Dryden’s plays are cheerful and sprightly. In the higher graces of poetry they are infinitely inferior to Fletcher’s, but they are very good of their kind. With all his consummate genius Dryden could not reproduce such strains as “Lay a garland on my hearse” or “God Lyæus ever young.” Mrs. Behn, the divine Astræa, was undoubtedly possessed of lyrical skill. The famous “Love in fantastic triumph sate” has been justly admired by a host of critics; but equally admirable is her impassioned song in praise of

<sup>1</sup> The best account of Davenant is to be found in Mr. Joseph Knight’s admirable article contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Love, "O Love, that stronger art than wine."<sup>1</sup> One of the lightest and happiest lyrists of the Restoration was Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset. His song written at sea the night before an engagement,<sup>2</sup> "To all you ladies now at land," was very popular and provoked many imitations and parodies. He was the early patron of Prior, who attributed to him more virtues and talents than were ever centred in a single individual since the world began.

<sup>1</sup> But did Mrs. Behn write these fine verses? They first appeared in her comedy *The Lucky Chance*, 1687. Henry Playford, a well-known publisher of music, issued in the same year the Fourth Book of *The Theater of Music*, where "O Love, that stronger art" appeared with the heading "The Song in Madam Bhen's last new Play, sung by Mr. Bowman, set by Dr. John Blow." At the end of the song Playford adds, "These words by Mr. Ousley." It is possible that Playford was misinformed; but playwrights were in the habit of introducing songs written by their friends (frequently by some "person of quality"). Mrs. Behn usually acknowledges her obligations; but she may have been neglectful on the present occasion. Ousley's claim cannot be lightly set aside.

<sup>2</sup> "I have heard," says Dr. Johnson, "from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage."

Some specimens of the abilities of genial Tom Durfey have, of course, been included. Superfine critics sneer at honest Tom, but the gay rollicking ballad "The Winchester Wedding" will survive the assaults of these worthies. In his lifetime Durfey was attacked with spiteful virulence by Tom Brown, but he did not allow himself to be disconcerted by the snarls and snaps of that malicious creature. Of late he has found a stalwart champion in the person of the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, editor of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, who has sounded his praises in prose and verse. Tom Brown hardly deserves a place in my anthology; but I have found room for one copy of verses—a clever imitation of one of Martial's epigrams.

John Oldmixon, the pamphleteer, was a waspish person. He was continually attacking somebody, and even ventured to have his fling at Pope, who promptly gibbeted him in *The Dunciad*. As he was universally disliked, his verses were usually kept out of the miscellanies of the time; but from his little volume of poems in the manner of Anacreon, published in 1696, I have chosen some dainty trifles.

I have stopped at the last decade of the seven-

teenth century, though I should have liked to advance a little further. Of John Bancks (not the playwright), who trod in the steps of La Fontaine and Prior, it would have been pleasant to give some specimens; for his poems are somewhat scarce.<sup>1</sup>

From Sir Charles Sedley I have drawn very freely. In his own sphere Sedley is unapproachable; such songs as "Love still has something of

<sup>1</sup> The reader shall have a taste of Bancks' quality: the mirthful catastrophe must atone for the freedom of the writing.

"A FRAGMENT.

In Chloe's chamber she and I  
 Together sate, no creature nigh;  
 The time and place combined to move—  
 A longing for the joys of love.  
 I sighed and kissed, and pressed her hand;  
 Did all to make her understand.  
 She, pretty, tender-hearted creature  
 Obeyed the dictates of good nature,  
 As far as modesty would let her: }  
 A melting virgin seldom speaks  
 But with her breasts and eyes and cheeks:  
 Nor was it hard from these to find  
 That Chloe had—almost—a mind.  
 Thus far 'twas well; but, to proceed,  
 What should I do? Grow bold—I did.  
 At last she faltered 'What would'st have?'  
 'Your love,' said I, 'or else my grave.'

the sea" or "Phyllis is my only joy" easily out-distance all rivals. He does not occupy an exalted place in English literature; but his seat is secure.

I need not enter into further particulars about the contents of this little volume. The reader must not expect to find poetry of the highest order; but if he can appreciate polished verse he will not be dissatisfied. We seldom leave, it is true, the region of conventionality. The groves

'Suppose it were the first,' quoth she,  
 'Could you for ever constant be?'  
 'For ever, Chloe, by those eyes,  
 Those bubbles which do fall and rise,  
 By all that's soft and all that's fair,  
 By your whole sacred self, I swear.  
 Your fondest wishes ne'er shall crave  
 So constant, so complete a slave.'  
 'Damon, you know too well the art,'  
 She sighing said, 'to reach my heart.  
 Yet oh! I can't, I won't comply—  
 Why will you press? dear Damon, why?'

Desunt cætera.

*For Chloe, coming in one day,  
 As on my desk the copy lay,—  
 'What means this rhyming fool?' she cries,  
 'Why, some folk may believe these lies!'  
 So on the flame she threw the sheet;  
 I burned my hand to save this bit."*

in which our Strephons and Chloes disport themselves are not the green pleasaunces that listened to the pipings of Nicholas Breton's *Passionate Shepherd*. Our Arcadia is in Hyde Park and the Mulberry Garden; our nymphs are modishly attired, and our love-sick swains are powdered beaux.





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## MUSA PROTERVA.

By WILLIAM CAVENDISH,  
DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.  
From *The Humorous  
Lovers*, 1677.

WELL-PLACED in Love's triumphant chariot  
high,

Be drawn with milk-white turtles through the sky,  
And have for footmen Cupids running by.

A poet coachman with celestial fire,  
His gentle whip of melting pure desire,  
Shall drive us while I do thy eyes admire.

Imperial laurel deck our temples round,  
As victors or as heated poets crowned,  
Scorning to have commerce with the dull ground.

Thus we will drive o'er mighty hills of snow,  
Viewing poor mortal lovers here below,  
Wretches alas ! that know not where we go.

From SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S *The Rivals*, 1668.

MY lodging<sup>1</sup> is on the cold ground,  
And very hard is my fare,

<sup>1</sup> This song is parodied in Hon. James Howard's *All Mistaken, or the Mad Couple*, 1672. In *Speculum Amantis*, p. 89, I gave another song from *The Rivals*. I may find room in this footnote for an earlier love-song, taken from *The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour*, 1635 :—

“Unarm, unarm ! no more your fights  
Must cause the virgins tears,  
But such as in the silent nights  
Spring rather from their fears.

“Such diff'rence as when doves do bill  
Must now be all your strife ;  
For all the blood that you shall spill  
Will usher in a life.

“And when your ladies, falsely coy,  
Shall timorous appear,  
Believe they then would fain enjoy  
What they pretend to fear.

“Breathe then each other's breath, and kiss  
Your souls to union ;  
And whilst they shall enjoy this bliss,  
Your bodies, too, are one.

“To-morrow will the hasty sun  
Be feared more of each lover  
For hind'ring to repeat what's done  
Than what it may discover.”

But that which troubles me most is  
The unkindness of my dear.  
Yet still I cry, O turn, love,  
And I prithee, love, turn to me ;  
For thou art the man that I long for,  
And, alack ! what remedy ?

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring,  
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
And merrily we will sing.  
O turn to me, my dear love,  
And prithee, love, turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone canst  
Procure my liberty.

But, if thou wilt harden thy heart still  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
Then I must endure the smart still  
And tumble in straw alone :  
Yet still I cry, O turn, love,  
And I prithee, love, turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone art  
The cause of my misery.

By SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

AGAINST WOMEN'S PRIDE.

WHY dost thou seem to boast, vain-glorious  
sun ?

Why should thy bright complexion make thee  
proud ?

Think but how often since thy race begun  
Thou wert eclipsed, then blush behind a cloud !

Or why look you, fair Empress of the night,  
So big upon 't, when you at full appear ?  
Remember yours is but a borrowed light ;  
Then shrink with paleness in your giddy sphere !

If neither sun nor moon can justify  
Their pride, how ill it women then befits,  
That are on earth but *ignes fatui*, -  
That lead poor men to wander from their wits !

By SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE LOVER ; TO A  
MISTRESS DYING.

*Lover.*

YOUR beauty, ripe, and calm, and fresh,  
As eastern summers are,  
Must now, forsaking time and flesh,  
Add light to some small star.

*Philosopher.* Whilst she yet lives, were stars  
decayed,  
Their light by hers relief might find ;  
But Death will lead her to a shade  
Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

*Lover.* Lovers, whose priests all poets are,  
Think every mistress, when she dies,  
Is changed at least into a star :  
And who dares doubt the poets wise ?

*Philosopher.* But ask not bodies doomed to die  
To what abode they go ;  
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy  
It is not safe to know.

By SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest  
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings ;  
He takes this window for the east,  
And to implore your light he sings :  
Awake, awake ! the morn will never rise  
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,  
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;  
But still the lover wonders what they are  
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.  
Awake, awake ! break through your veils of lawn,  
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

By SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl,  
To purify the air ;  
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,  
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,  
And wakes the louder drum ;  
Expense of grief gains no remorse  
When sorrow should be dumb :

For I must go where lazy Peace  
Will hide her drowsy head,  
And, for the sport of kings, increase  
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft :  
Can I in war delight  
Who, being of my heart bereft,  
Can have no heart to fight ?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old  
Ordained a thief should pay,  
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold  
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be :  
O then with speed resign  
My own seduced heart to me  
Accompanied with thine.



By ALEXANDER BROME.

THE RESOLVE.

TELL me not of a face that's fair,  
Nor lip and cheek that's red,  
Nor of the tresses of her hair,  
Nor curls in order laid,  
Nor of a rare seraphic voice  
That like an angel sings ;  
Though if I were to take my choice  
I would have all these things :  
But if that thou wilt have me love,  
And it must be a she,  
The only argument can move  
Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be  
But metaphors of things,  
And but resemble what we see  
Each common object brings.  
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,  
Lilies their whiteness stain :  
What fool is he that shadows seeks  
And may the substance gain ?

Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,  
Let it be one that's kind :  
Else I'm a servant to the glass  
That's with Canary lined.

By ALEXANDER BROME.

A MOCK-SONG.

'TIS true I never was in love ;  
But now I mean to be,  
For there's no art  
Can shield a heart  
From love's supremacy.

Though in my nonage I have seen  
A world of taking faces,  
I had not age nor wit to ken  
Their several hidden graces.

Those virtues which, though thinly set,  
In others are admired,  
In thee are altogether met,  
Which make thee so desired ;

That, though I never was in love  
Nor never meant to be,  
Thy self and parts  
Above my arts  
Have drawn my heart to thee.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

HAD we but world enough and time  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires, and more slow ;  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;

Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest ;  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart ;  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near ;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song: then worms shall try  
That long preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust :  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,

Rather at once our time devour  
 Than languish in his slow-chapt<sup>1</sup> power.  
 Let us roll all our strength and all  
 Our sweetness up into one ball,  
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
 Thorough the iron gates of life :  
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

MAKING HAY-ROPES.

*Ametas.*

THINK'ST<sup>2</sup> thou that this love can  
 stand,  
 Whilst thou still dost say me nay ?  
 Love unpaid does soon disband :  
 Love binds love as hay binds hay.

*Thestylis.* Think'st thou that this rope would twine  
 If we both should turn one way ?  
 Where both parties so combine,  
 Neither love will twist nor hay.

<sup>1</sup> "Slow-chapt"—with *chaps* (jaws) that slowly consume.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. W. J. Linton has some neatly-turned verses (headed "No Marvel") suggested by the present poem. See his *Poems and Translations*, p. 7.

*Ametas.* Thus you vain excuses find,  
Which yourself and us delay :  
And love ties a woman's mind  
Looser than with ropes of hay.

*Thestylis.* What you cannot constant hope  
Must be taken as you may.

*Ametas.* Then let's both lay by our rope  
And go kiss within the hay.

By CHARLES COTTON.

WAS ever man of Nature's framing  
So given o'er to roving,  
Who have been twenty years a-taming  
By ways that are not worth the naming,  
And now must die of loving ?

Hell take me if she ben't so winning  
That now I love her mainly !  
And though in jest at the beginning,  
Yet now I'd wondrous fain be sinning,  
And so have told her plainly.

At which she cries I do not love her,  
 And tells me of her honour ;  
 Then have I no way to disprove her,  
 And my true passion to discover,  
 But straight to fall upon her.

Which done, forsooth, she talks of wedding,  
 But what will that avail her ?  
 For though I am old dog at bedding,  
 I'm yet a man of so much reading  
 That there I sure shall fail her.

No, hang me if I ever marry  
 Till womankind grow stauncher !  
 I do delight delights to vary,  
 And love not in one hulk to tarry,  
 But only trim and launch her.

By CHARLES COTTON.

TO CÆLIA.

WHEN, Cælia, must my old day set  
 And my young morning rise,  
 In beams of joy so bright as yet  
 Ne'er blessed a lover's eyes ?

My state is more advanced than when  
I first attempted thee ;  
I sued to be a servant then,  
But now to be made free.

I've served my time faithful and true,  
Expecting to be placed  
In happy freedom, as my due,  
To all the joys thou hast :  
Ill husbandry in love is such  
A scandal to love's power,  
We ought not to mis-spend so much  
As one poor short-lived hour.

Yet think not, sweet, I'm weary grown  
That I pretend such haste,  
Since none to surfeit e'er was known  
Before he had a taste :  
My infant love could humbly wait  
When young it scarce knew how  
To plead ; but, grown to man's estate,  
He is impatient now.



By CHARLES COTTON.

RONDEAU.

THOU fool ! if madness be so rife  
That, spite of wit, thou'lt have a wife,  
I'll tell thee what thou must expect,—  
After the honey-moon neglect  
All the sad days of thy whole life !

To that a world of woe and strife,  
Which is of marriage the effect ;  
And thou thy own woe's architect,  
Thou fool !  
Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,  
Ill words i' th' scolding dialect,  
For she'll all tabor be or fife.  
Then prithee go and whet thy knife,  
And from this fate thyself protect,  
Thou fool !

By THOMAS FLATMAN.

THE DEFIANCE.

**B**E not too proud, imperious dame ;  
Your charms are transitory things  
May melt, while you at Heaven aim,  
Like Icarus' waxen wings ;  
And you a part in his misfortune bear,  
Drowned in a briny ocean of despair.

You think your beauties are above  
The poet's brain and painter's hand,  
As if upon the throne of love  
You only should the world command :  
Yet know, though you presume your title true,  
There are pretenders that will rival you.

There's an experienced rebel Time,  
And in his squadron's Poverty ;  
There's Age that brings along with him  
A terrible artillery :  
And if against all those thou keep'st thy crown,  
Th' usurper Death will make thee lay it down.

D

By THOMAS FLATMAN.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

LIKE<sup>1</sup> a dog with a bottle fast tied to his tail,  
Like vermin in a trap or a thief in a jail,  
Like a Tory in a bog  
Or an ape with a clog :  
Such is the man who, when he might go free,  
Does his liberty lose  
For a matrimony noose,  
And sells himself into captivity.  
The dog he does howl when the bottle does jog ;  
The vermin, the thief, and the Tory in vain  
Of the trap, of the jail, of the quagmire complain.  
But well fare poor Pug ! for he plays with his clog  
And, though he would be rid on't rather than his  
life,  
Yet he lugs it and he hugs it as a man does his  
wife.

<sup>1</sup> Some waggish friends of Flatman sang this song beneath his window on his marriage-night. Anthony à Wood tells the story. In the *Westminster Drollery* we find some answers to "The Bachelor's Song," which was very popular.

## *The Second Part.*

How happy a thing were a wedding,  
And a bedding,  
If a man might purchase a wife  
For a twelve-month and a day !  
But to live with her all a man's life  
For ever and for aye  
Till she grow as grey as a cat,  
Good faith, Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

By KATHERINE PHILIPS (*the matchless ORINDA*).

AN ANSWER TO ANOTHER PERSUADING A LADY  
TO MARRIAGE.

FORBEAR, bold youth ; all's heaven here,  
And what you do aver  
To others courtship may appear ;  
'Tis sacrilege to her.

She is a public deity ;  
And were't not very odd  
She should dispose herself to be  
A petty household god.

First make the sun in private shine  
 And bid the world adieu,  
 That so he may his beams confine  
 In compliment to you :  
 But if of that you do despair,  
 Think how you did amiss  
 To strive to fix her beams which are  
 More bright and large than his.<sup>1</sup>

FROM JOHN DRYDEN'S *Tyrannic Love*, 1670.

AH how sweet it is to love !  
 Ah how gay is young desire !  
 And what pleasing pains we prove  
 When we first approach love's fire !  
 Pains of love be sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are.  
 Sighs which are from lovers blown  
 Do but gently heave the heart :  
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,  
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart :  
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
 Bleed away in easy death.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "this."

Love and time with reverence use,  
 Treat 'em like a parting friend ;  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse  
 Which in youth sincere they send ;  
     For each year their price is more,  
     And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,  
 Swells in every youthful vein ;  
 But each tide does less supply  
 Till they quite shrink in again :  
     If a flow in Age appear,  
     'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

From JOHN DRYDEN'S *An*  
*Evening's Love*, 1671.

CALM was the even and clear was the sky,  
     And the new-budding flowers did spring,  
 When all alone went Amyntas and I  
     To hear the sweet nightingale sing.  
 I sat, and he laid him down by me,  
     But scarcely his breath he could draw,  
 For when with a fear he began to draw near  
     He was dashed with A ha, ha, ha, ha !

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,  
And his modesty curbed his desire ;  
But straight I convinced all his fears with a smile,  
Which added new flames to his fire.  
O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel  
To keep your poor lover in awe ;  
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,  
But was dashed with A ha, ha, ha, ha !

I knew 'twas his passion that caused all his fear,  
And therefore I pitied his case :  
I whispered him softly " There's nobody near,"  
And laid my cheek close to his face :  
But as he grew bolder and bolder,  
A shepherd came by us and saw,  
And, just as our bliss we began with a kiss,  
He laughed out with A ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Damon.*

C ELIMENA, of my heart  
None shall e'er bereave you ;  
If with your good leave I may  
Quarrel with you once a day,  
I will never leave you.

*Celim.* Passion's but an empty name  
Where respect is wanting :  
Damon, you mistake your aim :  
Hang your heart and burn your flame,  
If you must be ranting.

*Damon.* Love as dull and muddy is  
As decaying liquor :  
Anger sets it on the lees,  
And refines it by degrees  
Till it works the quicker.

*Celim.* Love by quarrels to beget  
Wisely you endeavour,  
With a grave physician's wit,  
Who to cure an ague fit  
Put me in a fever.

*Damon.* Anger rouses love to fight  
And his only bait is ;  
'Tis the spur to dull delight,  
And is but an eager bite  
When desire at height is.

*Celim.* If such drops of heat can fall  
In our wooing weather ;



If such drops of heat can fall,  
We shall have the devil and all  
When we come together.

**A**FTER the pangs of a desperate lover,  
When day and night I have sighed all in vain,  
Ah what a pleasure it is to discover  
In her eyes pity who causes my pain !

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,  
And both have punished ourselves with the pain,  
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,  
Ah what a pleasure to press it again !

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,  
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,  
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture,  
Ah what a trembling does usher my joy !

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,  
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,  
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing,  
Ah what a joy to hear " Shall we again ? "

From JOHN DRYDEN'S *The  
First Part of the Conquest  
of Granada*, 1672.

BENEATH a myrtle shade,  
Which Love for none but happy lovers made,  
I slept ; and straight my love before me brought  
Phillis, the object of my waking thought :  
Undressed she came my flames to meet,  
While Love strowed flowers beneath her feet,  
Flowers which, so pressed by her, became more  
sweet.

From the bright vision's head  
A carelèss veil of lawn was loosely spread :  
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,  
Like cloudy sunshine, not too brown nor fair ;  
Her hands, her lips did love inspire,  
Her every grace my heart did fire :  
But most her eyes, which languished with desire.

Ah, charming fair, said I,  
How long can you my bliss and yours deny ?  
By Nature and by Love this lonely shade  
Was for revenge of suff'ring lovers made :

Silence and shades with love agree,  
Both shelter you and favour me ;  
You cannot blush because I cannot see.

No, let me die, she said,  
Rather than lose the spotless name of maid :  
Faintly, methought, she spoke, for all the while  
She bid me not believe her with a smile.  
Then die, said I. She still denied,  
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cried,  
You use a harmless maid ? and so she died.

I waked, and straight I knew  
I loved so well it made my dream prove true :  
Fancy, the kinder mistress of the two,  
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do.  
Ah cruel nymph, cease your disdain,  
While I can dream you scorn in vain :  
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

From JOHN DRYDEN's *Mar-  
riage-a-la-Mode*, 1673.

WHILST Alexis lay prest  
In her arms he loved best,  
With his hand round her neck  
And his head on her breast,

He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,  
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When Cælia saw this,  
With a sigh and a kiss  
She cried "Oh my dear, I am robbed of my bliss ;  
'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done,  
To leave me behind you and die all alone."

The youth, tho' in haste  
And breathing his last,  
In pity died slowly while she died more fast,  
Till at length she cried "Now, my dear, now let us  
go !  
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too."

Thus entranced they did lie,  
Till Alexis did try  
To recover new breath that again he might die :  
Then often they died ; but the more they did so,  
The nymph died more quick and the shepherd  
more slow.

From JOHN DRYDEN'S *Amboyna*, 1673.

THE day is come, I see it rise  
Betwixt the bride's and bridegroom's eyes,  
That golden day they wished so long,  
Love picked it out amidst the throng ;  
He destined to himself this sun,  
And took the reins and drove him on ;  
In his own beams he dressed him bright,  
Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wished arrived at last,  
You wish as much that it were past ;  
One minute more and night will hide  
The bridegroom and the blushing bride.  
The virgin now to bed does go ;  
Take care, O youth, she rise not so ;  
She pants and trembles at her doom,  
And fears and wishes thou wouldst come.

The bridegroom comes, he comes apace  
With love and fury in his face ;  
She shrinks away, he close pursues,  
And prayers and threats at once does use.

She, softly sighing, begs delay,  
And with her hand puts his away :  
Now out aloud for help she cries,  
And now despairing shuts her eyes.

FROM JOHN DRYDEN'S *The  
Spanish Friar*, 1681.

FAREWELL, ungrateful traitor,  
Farewell, my perjured swain !  
Let never injured creature  
Believe a man again.  
The pleasure of possessing  
Surpasses all expressing ;  
But 'tis too short a blessing,  
And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us  
In pity of your pain ;  
But when we love you leave us  
To rail at you in vain.  
Before we have descried it  
There is no bliss beside it ;  
But she that once has tried it  
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended  
 Was only to obtain ;  
 But when the charm is ended  
 The charmer you disdain.  
 Your love by ours we measure  
 Till we have lost our treasure ;  
 But dying is a pleasure  
 When living is a pain.

By CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL  
 OF DORSET.

SONG ; WRITTEN AT SEA IN THE FIRST DUTCH  
 WAR, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGE-  
 MENT.

TO all you ladies now at land  
 We men at sea indite ;  
 But first would have ye understand  
 How hard it is to write :  
 The Muses now and Neptune, too,  
 We must implore to write to you.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind  
And fill our empty brain,  
Yet, if rough Neptune call the wind  
To rouse the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we  
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then, if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind,  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost  
By Dutchmen or by wind :  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The King, with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold,  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they used of old :  
But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe  
And say they've gained no glory ;  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind.



Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind ;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find :  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away  
We throw a merry main,  
Or else at serious ombre play ;  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue?  
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow  
And cast our hopes away,  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play ;  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear  
That dies in every note,  
As if it sighed with each man's care  
For being so remote ;  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,  
When we for hopes of honour lose  
Our certain happiness ;  
All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears,  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity for our tears ;  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at sea.

By the EARL OF DORSET.

MAY the ambitious ever find  
Success in crowds and noise,  
While gentler love does fill my mind  
With silent real joys !

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,  
And the world think them wise,  
While I lie dying at her feet  
- And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise  
And melt in court delights ;  
Her eyes can give much brighter days,  
Her arms much softer nights.

By the EARL OF DORSET.

PHILLIS, the fairest of Love's foes,  
Though fiercer than a dragon,  
Phillis, that scorned the powdered beaux,  
What has she now to brag on?  
So long she kept her legs so close  
Till she had scarce a rag on.

Compelled through want, this wretched maid  
Did sad complaints begin ;  
Which surly Strephon hearing said  
It was both shame and sin  
To pity such a lazy jade  
As will neither play nor spin.

By the EARL OF DORSET.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled  
too long,

With Phillis and Chloris in every song,  
By fools who at once can both love and despair  
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair ;  
Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express  
The truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.<sup>1</sup>

This Bess of my heart, this Bess of my soul,  
Has a skin white as milk and hair black as a coal ;  
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round  
her waist,

But her round swelling thighs can scarce be  
embraced :

Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest,  
But I know what I think when I drink to the best.

The plowman and squire, the arranter clown,  
At home she subdued in her paragon gown ;  
But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,  
And the proudest town-gallants are forced to  
submit ;

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole, in his copy of *The Sports of the Muses*, 1752, preserved in the Dyce Library, notes that "Black Bess" was Mrs. Barnes.

All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,  
And beat day and night like my Lord Craven's<sup>1</sup>  
drums.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,  
For she'd outshine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all ;  
If a lord should but whisper his love in the crowd,  
She'd sell him a bargain and laugh out aloud :  
Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did say,  
Would send Mr. Roper<sup>2</sup> to take her away.

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their  
arms,  
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms ;  
And to every beauty can add a new grace,  
Having learned how to lisp and to trip in her pace ;  
And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,  
To kill us by looking as if she would die.

<sup>1</sup> Pepys, in March, 1668, describes Lord Craven as "riding up and down to give orders like a madman" to the troops gathered in Lincoln's Inn Fields for the suppression of a city tumult. Whenever a fire broke out Lord Craven was very active ; his horse could scent fire at a distance.

<sup>2</sup> Christopher Roper, appointed page of honour to the Queen in 1667.

By the EARL OF DORSET.

AT noon, in a sunshiny day,  
The brightest lady of the May,  
Young Chloris, innocent and gay  
Sat knotting in a shade.

Each slender finger played its part  
With such activity and art  
As would inflame a youthful heart,  
And warm the most decayed.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,  
He saw no anger in her eye ;  
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,  
She would have seemed afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,  
And hurled away the twisted ball ;  
But straight gave Strephon such a call  
As would have raised the dead.

" Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee ?  
With innocence I dare be free ;  
By so much truth and modesty  
No nymph was e'er betrayed.

“Come lean thy head upon my lap ;  
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,  
Thou mayst securely take a nap ” :  
Which he, poor fool, obeyed.

She saw him yawn and heard him snore,  
And found him fast asleep all o'er ;  
She sighed and could endure no more,  
But, starting up, she said :

“Such virtue shall rewarded be ;  
For this thy dull fidelity,  
I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me :  
Pursue thy grazing trade.

“Go, milk thy goats and shear thy sheep,  
And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;  
Thou shalt no more be lulled asleep  
By me, mistaken maid.”

By the EARL OF DORSET.

ON A LADY<sup>1</sup> WHO FANCIED HERSELF A BEAUTY.

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes,  
United, cast too fierce a light,  
Which blazes high but quickly dies,  
Pains not the heart but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,  
Smooth are his looks and soft his pace ;  
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy  
That runs his link full in your face.

By the EARL OF DORSET.

TO CHLORIS FROM THE BLIND ARCHER.

AH, Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes  
And lay by those terrible glances ;  
We live in an age that's more civil and wise  
Than to follow the rules of romances.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,  
They'll allow you no long time of courting ;  
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out,  
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

<sup>1</sup> Catharine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II.



By the EARL OF DORSET. (A  
song contributed to SOUTH-  
KERN'S *Sir Antony Love*,  
1691.)

**I**N vain, Clemene, you bestow  
The promised empire of your heart  
If you refuse to let me know  
The wealthy charms of every part.  
My passion with your kindness grew,  
Tho' beauty gave the first desire :  
But beauty only to pursue  
Is following a wand'ring fire.  
As hills in perspective suppress  
The free enquiry of the sight ;  
Restraint makes every pleasure less  
And takes from love the full delight.  
Faint kisses may in part supply  
Those eager longings of my soul ;  
But oh ! I'm lost if you deny  
A quick possession of the whole.

By JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF  
ROCHESTER.

**M**Y dear mistress has a heart  
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
When, with love's resistless art  
And her eyes, she did enslave me :  
But her constancy's so weak,  
She's so wild and apt to wander,  
That my jealous heart would break  
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;  
She can dress her eyes in love,  
And her lips can warm with kisses.  
Angels listen when she speaks ;  
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,  
But my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

By the EARL OF ROCHESTER.

**G**IVE me leave to rail at you,  
I ask nothing but my due ;  
To call you false and then to say  
You shall not keep my heart a day ;  
But, alas ! against my will,  
I must be your captive still.  
Ah, be kinder then, for I  
Cannot change and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,  
All besides but weakly move ;  
Fiercest anger it disarms,  
And clips the wings of flying love.  
Beauty does the heart invade,  
Kindness only can persuade ;  
It gilds the lover's servile chain,  
And makes the slaves grow pleased again.

By the EARL OF ROCHESTER.

ALL my past life is mine no more,  
The flying hours are gone,  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not :  
How can it then be mine ?  
The present moment's all my lot,  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts and broken vows ;  
If I, by miracle, can be  
This live-long minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that heaven allows.

By the EARL OF ROCHESTER.

**A**S Chloris, full of harmless thought,  
Beneath the willows lay,  
Kind Love a comely shepherd brought  
To pass the time away :  
She blushed to be encountered so,  
And chid the amorous swain ;  
But as she strove to rise and go,  
He pulled her back again.

A sudden passion seized her heart  
In spite of her disdain ;  
She found a pulse in every part,  
And Love in every vein.  
“ Ah, youth,” quoth she, “ what charms are these,  
That conquer and surprise ?  
Ah let me—for, unless you please,  
I have no power to rise.”

She faintly spoke and trembling lay,  
For fear he should comply ;  
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,  
And give her tongue the lie.

Thus she, who princes had denied  
 With all their pomp and train,  
 Was in the lucky minute tried  
 And yielded to the swain.<sup>1</sup>

From SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE'S  
*The Comical Revenge; or*  
*Love in a Tub, 1664.*

I F she be not as kind as fair,  
 But peevish and unhandy,  
 Leave her, she's only worth the care  
 Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.  
 I would not have thee such an ass,  
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,  
 To sigh and whine for such a lass  
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.

L ADIES, though to your conquering eyes  
 Love owes his chiefest victories,

<sup>1</sup> This song was lengthened into a broadside ballad, seven additional stanzas being tacked on. See *Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. J. W. Ebsworth, part xvi., pp. 133-35.

And borrows those bright arms from you  
With which he does the world subdue,  
Yet you yourself are not above  
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,  
Lest Love on you revenge their pain ;  
You are not free because you're fair ;  
The Boy did not his Mother spare :  
Beauty's but an offensive dart,  
It is no armour for the heart.

By SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO A VÉRY YOUNG LADY.

SWEETEST bud of beauty, may  
No untimely frost decay  
Th' early glories which we trace  
Blooming in thy matchless face.  
But kindly opening like the rose  
Fresh beauties every day disclose,  
Such as by nature are not shown  
In all the blossoms she has blown.

And then what conquests shall you make  
 Who hearts already daily take !  
 Scorched in the morning with thy beams,  
 How shall we bear those sad extremes  
 Which shall attend thy threatening eyes  
 When thou shalt to thy noon arise !<sup>1</sup>

By SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO A LADY, ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE WOULD  
 LOVE HER.

IT is not, Celia, in our power  
 To say how long our love will last ;  
 It may be we within this hour  
 May lose those joys we now do taste ;  
 The blessed, that immortal be,  
 From change in love are only free.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Waller's verses *To my young Lady Lucy Sidney* :—

“ Yet, fairest blossom, do not slight  
 That age which you may know so soon :  
 The rosy morn resigns her light  
 And milder glory to the noon :  
 And then what wonders shall you do,  
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so ! ”



Then, since we mortal lovers are,  
 Ask not how long our love will last ;  
 But while it does, let us take care  
 Each minute be with pleasure pass'd :  
 Were it not madness to deny  
 To live because we're sure to die ?

By SIR GEORGE ETHERGE.  
 (A song contributed to  
 NAHUM TATE'S *A Duke*  
*and no Duke*, 1685.)

TELL me no more I am deceived :  
 While Silvia seems so kind,  
 And takes such care to be believed,  
 The cheat I fear to find.  
 To flatter me should falsehood lie  
 Concealed in her soft youth,  
 A thousand times I'd rather die  
 Than see the unhappy truth.  
 My love all malice shall outbrave,  
 Let fops in libels rail ;  
 If she the appearances will save,  
 No scandal shall prevail.

She makes me think I have her heart :  
 How much for that is due ?  
 Tho' she but act the tender part  
 The joy she gives is true.

By SIR CAR SCROOPE.<sup>1</sup>

AS Amoret with Phillis sat  
 One evening on the plain,  
 And saw the charming Strephon wait  
 To tell the nymph his pain ;  
 The threat'ning danger to remove,  
 She whispered in her ear,  
 "Ah ! Phillis, if you would not love,  
 This shepherd do not hear ;  
 None ever had so strange an art  
 His passion to convey  
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart  
 And steal her soul away :

<sup>1</sup> Sir Car Scroope contributed this song to Etherege's *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, for which play he also wrote a prologue. Prefixed to the verses is a note—"Song by Sir C. S." (In the 1722 edition of Sir Charles Sedley's *Works* the song is found, but not in ed. 1702.)

Fly, fly betimes for fear you give

Occasion for your Fate !”

“ In vain,” said she, “ in vain I strive,

Alas ! ’tis now too late.”

From MRS. BEHN'S *Abdelazar*,  
or *the Moor's Revenge*, 1671.

L OVE in fantastic triumph sate  
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,  
For whom fresh pains he did create  
And strange tyrannic power he showed.  
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,  
Which round about in sport he hurled ;  
But ’twas from mine he took desires,  
Enough t’ undo the amorous world.  
From me he took his sighs and tears,  
From thee his pride and cruelty ;  
From me his languishments and fears,  
And every killing dart from thee.  
Thus thou and I the God have armed,  
And set him up a deity ;  
But my poor heart alone is harmed,  
Whilst thine the victor is and free.

From MRS. BEHN'S *The Lucky  
Chance*, 1687.

O LOVE, that stronger art than wine,  
Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,  
Want to be prized above all wealth,  
Disease that has more joys than health,  
Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain  
And of thy tyranny complain,  
We all are bettered by thy reign.

What Reason never can bestow  
We to this useful Passion owe :  
Love wakes the dull from sluggish ease,  
And learns a clown the art to please,  
Humbles the vain, kindles the cold,  
Makes misers free and cowards bold ;  
'Tis he reforms the sot from drink,  
And teaches airy fops to think.  
When full brute appetite is fed,  
And choked the glutton lies and dead,  
Thou new spirits dost dispense  
And 'finest the gross delights of sense :  
Virtue's unconquerable aid  
That against Nature can persuade,

And mak'st a roving mind retire  
Within the bounds of just desire ;  
Cheerer of age, Youth's kind unrest,  
And half the heaven of the blest !

By MRS. BEHN.

A THOUSAND martyrs I have made  
All sacrificed to my desire,  
A thousand beauties have betrayed  
That languish in resistless fire :  
The untamed heart to hand I brought  
And fixed the wild and wand'ring thought.  
I never vowed nor sighed in vain,  
But both, tho' false, were well received ;  
The fair are pleased to give us pain,  
And what they wish is soon believed :  
And, tho' I talked of wounds and smart,  
Love's pleasures only touched my heart.  
Alone the glory and the spoil  
I always laughing bore away,  
The triumphs without pain or toil,  
Without the hell the heaven of joy :  
And while I thus at random rove  
Despise the fools that whine for love.

By MRS. BEHN.

O WHAT pleasure 'tis to find  
A coy heart melt by slow degrees !  
When to yielding 'tis inclined,  
Yet her fear a ruin sees ;  
When her tears do kindly flow  
And her sighs do come and go !

O how charming 'tis to meet  
Soft resistance from the fair,  
When her pride and wishes meet  
And by turns increase her care ;  
O how charming 'tis to know  
She would yield but can't tell how !

O how pretty is her scorn  
When, confused 'twixt love and shame,  
Still refusing, tho' she burn,  
The soft pressures of my flame !  
Her pride in her denial lies  
And mine is in my victories.

By MRS. BEHN.

THE INVENTION.<sup>1</sup>

**A** H he who first found out the way  
 Souls to each other to convey  
 Without dull speaking, sure must be  
 Something above humanity.  
 Let the fond world in vain dispute,  
 And the first mystery impute  
 Of letters to the learned brood,  
 And of the glory cheat a god :  
 'Twas love alone that first the art assayed,  
 And Psyche was the first fair yielding maid  
 That was by the dear *billet doux* betrayed.

<sup>1</sup> Charles d'Orléans wrote a charming *balade* in praise of the inventor of letter-writing :—

" Loué soit celui qui trouva  
 Premier la manière d'écrire !  
 En ce, grand confort ordonna  
 Pour amants qui sont en martire ;  
 Car quand ne peuvent aller dire  
 A leurs dames leur grief tourment,  
 Ce leur est moult d'alégement,  
 Quand par escript peuvent maner  
 Les maux qu'ils portent humblement,  
 Pour bien et loyaument amer." &c.

By MRS. BEHN.

THE EXAMPLE.

DAMON, if you'd have me true,  
Be you my precedent and guide :  
Example sooner we pursue

Than the dull dictates of our pride :  
Precepts of virtue are too weak an aim,  
'Tis demonstration that can best reclaim.

Shew me the path you'd have me go ;  
With such a guide I cannot stray :  
What you approve, whate'er you do,  
It is but just I bend the way :  
If true, my honour favours your design ;  
If false, revenge is the result of mine.

A lover true, a maid sincere,  
Are to be prized as things divine :  
'Tis justice makes the blessing dear,  
Justice of love without design :  
And she that reigns not in a heart alone  
Is never safe or easy on her throne.



By MRS. BEHN.

O H, how the hand the lover ought to prize  
'Bove any one peculiar grace !

While he is dying for the eyes

And doting on the lovely face,

The unconsid'ring little knows

How much he to this beauty owes.

That, when the lover absent is,

Informs him of his mistress' heart ;

'Tis that which gives him all his bliss

When dear love-secrets 'twill impart :

That plights the faith the maid bestows,

And that confirms the tim'rous vows.

'Tis that betrays the tenderness

Which the too bashful tongue denies ;

'Tis that which does the heart confess,

And spares the language of the eyes ;

'Tis that which treasure gives so vast,

Ev'n Iris 'twill to Damon give at last.

By TOM DURFEY.

THE WINCHESTER WEDDING; OR RÁLPH OF  
READING AND BLACK BESS OF THE GREEN.

A T Winchester was a wedding,  
The like was never seen,  
’Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading  
And bonny Black Bess of the Green :  
The fiddlers were crowding<sup>1</sup> before,  
Each lass was as fine as a queen ;  
There was a hundred and more,  
For all the country came in :  
Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,  
She looked like a lily o’ th’ vale,  
And ruddy-faced Harry led Mary,  
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,  
He helped her over the stile,  
And swore there was none so pretty  
In forty and forty long mile :

<sup>1</sup> Fiddling.

Kit gave a green gown to Betty,  
And lent her his hand to rise ;  
But Jenny was jeered by Watty  
For looking blue under the eyes :  
Thus merrily chatting all,  
They passed to the bride-house along,  
With Johnny and pretty-faced Nanny,  
The fairest of all the throng.

The bride came out to meet 'em,  
Afraid the dinner was spoiled ;  
And ushered 'em in to treat 'em  
With baked and roasted and boiled :  
The lads were so frolic and jolly,  
For each had his love by his side,  
But Willy was melancholy,  
For he had a mind to the bride :  
Then Philip begins her health  
And turns a beer-glass on his thumb ;  
But Jenkin was reckoned for drinking  
The best in Christendom.

And, now they had dined, advancing  
Into the midst of the Hall,  
The fiddlers struck up for dancing  
And Jeremy led up the brawl ;

But Margery kept a quarter,  
A lass that was proud of her pelf,  
'Cause Arthur had stolen her garter  
And swore he would tie it himself :  
She struggled, and blushed, and frowned,  
And ready with anger to cry,  
'Cause Arthur, with tying her garter,  
Had slipped his hand too high.

And now, for throwing the stocking,  
The bride away was led ;  
The bridegroom got drunk and was knocking  
For candles to light 'em to bed :  
But Robin, that found him silly,  
Most friendly took him aside,  
The while that his wife with Willy  
Was playing at hooper's-hide :  
And now the warm game begins,  
The critical minute was come,  
And chatting and billing and kissing  
Went merrily round the room.

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,  
And blithe as a bird in the spring ;  
And Tommy was so to Katy,  
And married her with a rush-ring :

Sukey, that danced with the cushion,<sup>1</sup>  
 An hour from the room had been gone,  
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing  
 That some other dance had been done :  
 And thus, of fifty fair maids  
 That came to the wedding with men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty was left ye  
 That so did return again.

By TOM DURFEY.<sup>2</sup>

THE night her blackest sable wore,  
 All gloomy were the skies,  
 And glittering stars there were no more  
 Than those in Stella's eyes ;  
 When at her father's gate I knocked,  
 Where I had often been,  
 And, shrouded only in her smock,  
 The fair one let me in.

<sup>1</sup> "Cushion-dance" was the name of a dance (a "pretty provocative dance") used at weddings.

<sup>2</sup> For Durfey's claim to this once popular song see Mr. Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vi. p. 193, &c.

Fast locked within my close embrace,  
    She blushing lay ashamed ;  
Her swelling breasts, and glowing face,  
    And every touch inflamed :  
My eager passion I obeyed,  
    Resolved the fort to win,  
And her fond heart was soon betrayed  
    To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,  
    Immortal was the joy ;  
I knew no greater blessing,  
    So happy then was I :  
And she, transported with delight,  
    Oft prayed me come again,  
And kindly vowed that every night  
    She'd rise and let me in.

But ah, at last she proved with bearn,  
    And sighing sat, and dull ;  
And I, who had as much concern,  
    Looked then just like a fool :  
Her lovely eyes with tears run o'er,  
    Repenting her rash sin,  
She sighed and cursed that fatal hour  
    That e'er she let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part?  
I loved her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart;  
But wedded and concealed the crime,  
Thus all was well again:  
And now she thanks the blessed time  
That e'er she let me in.

By TOM DURFEY.

CHLOE'S a nymph in flowery groves,  
A Nereid in the streams;  
Saint-like she in the temple moves,  
A woman in my dreams.  
Love steals artillery from her eyes,  
The graces point her charms;  
Orpheus is rivalled in her voice,  
And Venus in her arms.  
Never so happily in one  
Did heaven and earth combine;  
And yet 'tis flesh and blood alone  
That makes her so divine.

She looks indeed like other dames,  
With atlas <sup>1</sup> covered o'er ;  
But when undressed she meets my flames,  
A mortal she's no more.

By TOM DUFFY.

YOUNG Philander wooed me long,  
I was peevish and forbad him,  
Nor would hear his loving song,  
And yet now I wish I had him ;  
For each morn I view my glass,  
I perceive the whim is going ;  
For when wrinkles streak the face  
We may bid farewell to wooing.

Use your time, ye virgins fair,  
Choose before your days are evil ;  
Fifteen is a season rare,  
Five and forty is the devil :  
Just when ripe consent to do 't,  
Hug no more the lonely pillow ;  
Women, like some other fruit,  
Lose their relish when too mellow.

<sup>1</sup> "A silk-satin manufactured in the East."—*Murray*.



By TOM DURFEY.

I FOLLOWED fame and got renown,  
I ranged all o'er the park and town ;  
I haunted plays and there grew wise,  
Observing my own modish vice ;  
Friends and wine I next did try,  
Yet I found no solid joy ;  
Greatest pleasures seem too small,  
Till Sylvia made amends for all.

But see the state of human bliss,  
How vain our best contentment is ;  
As of my joy she was the chief,  
So was she too my greatest grief.  
Fate, that I might be undone,  
Dooms this angel but for one ;  
And, alas, too plain I see  
That I am not the happy he.

By TOM DURFEY.

SOME thirty or forty or fifty at least,  
 Or more, I have loved in vain, in vain,  
 But if you'll vouchsafe to receive a poor guest,  
 For once I will venture again, again.

How long I shall be in this mind, this mind,  
 Is totally in your own power ;  
 All my days I can pass with the kind, the kind,  
 But I'll part with the proud in an hour.

Then if you'll be good-natured and civil, and civil,  
 You'll find I can be so too, so too ;  
 But if not you may go, you may go to the devil,  
 Or the devil may come to you, to you.

By TOM DURFEY.

KINGSTON CHURCH, A SONG.<sup>1</sup>

SWEET, use your time ; abuse your time  
 No longer, but be wise :  
 Young lovers now discover you  
 Have beauty to be prized ;

<sup>1</sup> This song was lengthened into a broadside ballad by the addition of seven stanzas. See Mr. Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vi. pp. 139-142.

But if you're coy you'll lose the joy,  
So curst will be the fate ;  
The flower will fade, you'll die a maid,  
And mourn your chance too late.  
At thirteen years and fourteen years  
The virgin's heart may range ;  
'Twixt fifteen years and fifty years  
You'll find a wondrous change :  
Then whilst in tune, in May and June,  
Let love and youth agree,  
For if you stay till Christmas day  
The devil shall woo for me.

FROM SIR CHARLES SEDLEY'S  
*The Mulberry Garden,*  
1668.

AH, Chloris, that I now could sit  
As unconcerned as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No pleasure nor no pain !  
When I the dawn used to admire  
And praised the coming day,  
I little thought the growing fire  
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
Like metals in the mine ;  
Age from no face took more away  
Than youth concealed in thine :  
But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection prest,  
Fond Love as unperceived did fly  
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
And Cupid at my heart—  
Still as his mother favoured you—  
Threw a new flaming dart.  
Each gloried in their wanton part :  
To make a lover, he  
Employed the utmost of his art ;  
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,  
Uncertain of my fate,  
If your fair self my chains approve  
I shall my freedom hate.  
Lovers, like dying men, may well  
At first disordered be,  
Since none alive can truly tell  
What fortune they must see.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows  
Are to thy fortune paid ;  
Alas, my heart he little knows  
Who thinks my love a trade :  
Were I of all these woods the lord,  
One berry from thy hand  
More solid pleasure would afford  
Than all my large command.  
My humble love hath learnt to live  
On what the nicest maid  
Without a conscious blush can give  
Beneath the myrtle-shade.<sup>1</sup>  
Of costly food it hath no need,  
And nothing will devour,  
But like the harmless bee can feed  
And not impair the flower.  
A spotless innocence like thine  
May such a flame allow,  
Yet thy fair name for ever shine  
As doth thy beauty now.

<sup>1</sup> Here the song ends in ed. 1702. The additional verses are found in ed. 1722.

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray  
Safe from the fox's power :  
Tho' every one becomes his prey,  
I'm richer than before.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

A URELIA,<sup>1</sup> art thou mad  
To let the world in me  
Envy joys I never had  
And censure them in thee ?  
Filled with grief for what is past,  
Let us at length be wise,  
And the banquet boldly taste  
Since we have paid the price.  
Love does easy souls despise  
Who lose themselves for toys,  
And escape for those devise  
Who taste his utmost joys.  
To be thus for trifles blamed  
Like their's a folly is  
Who are for vain swearing damned  
And knew no higher bliss.

<sup>1</sup> The text of ed. 1722 is followed. Ed. 1702 gives a somewhat different version.

Love should like the year be crowned  
With sweet variety ;  
Hope should in the spring be found,  
Kind fears, and jealousy :

In the summer flowers should rise,  
And in the autumn fruit :  
His spring doth else but mock our eyes  
And in a scoff salute.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

C ELINDA, think not by disdain  
To vanquish my desire,  
By telling me I sigh in vain  
And feed a hopeless fire :  
Despair itself too weak does prove  
Your beauty to disarm ;  
By Fate I was ordained to love  
As you were born to charm.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

PHILLIS, let's shun the common fate,  
And let our love ne'er turn to hate ;  
I'll dote no longer than I can,  
Without being called a faithless man.  
When we begin to want discourse,  
And kindness seems to taste of force,  
As freely as we met we'll part,  
Each one possessed of their own heart.  
Thus, whilst rash fools themselves undo,  
We'll game and give off savers too ;  
So equally the match we'll make  
Both shall be glad to draw the stake.  
A smile of thine shall make my bliss,  
I will enjoy thee in a kiss :  
If from this height our kindness fall,  
We'll bravely scorn to love at all :  
If thy affection first decay,  
I will the blame on Nature lay.  
Alas, what cordial can remove  
The hasty fate of dying Love ?  
Thus we will all the world excel  
In loving and in parting well.



By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS, I cannot say your eyes  
Did my unwary heart surprise ;  
Nor will I swear it was your face,  
Your shape, or any nameless grace ;  
For, you are so entirely fair,  
To love a part injustice were :  
No drowning man can know which drop  
Of water his last breath did stop :  
So when the stars in heaven appear,  
And join to make the night look clear,  
The light we no one's bounty call,  
But the obliging gift of all.  
He that does lips or hands adore,  
Deserves them only and no more ;  
But I love all and every part,  
And nothing less can ease my heart :  
Cupid that lover weakly strikes  
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

---

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

NOT,<sup>1</sup> Cælia, that I juster am  
Or better than the rest,  
For I would change each hour like them  
Were not my heart at rest ;

But I am tied to very thee  
By every thought I have :  
Thy face I only care to see,  
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored  
In thy dear self I find,  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store  
And still make love anew?  
When change itself can give no more  
'Tis easy to be true.

<sup>1</sup> In vol. ii., p. 307, of Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, is a copy of verses to Cynthia (by Durfey, I suppose) written in close imitation of this song of Sedley. The poems in vols. i. and ii. of the *Pills* are usually ascribed to Durfey ; but some of the pieces in those two volumes are certainly not by him.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

TO A DEVOUT YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

PHILLIS, this early zeal assuage,  
You over-act your part ;  
The martyrs at your tender age  
Gave Heaven but half their heart.

Old men, till past the pleasure, ne'er  
Decaim against the sin ;  
'Tis early to begin to fear  
The devil at fifteen.

The world to youth is too severe,  
And, like a treacherous light,  
Beauty the actions of the fair  
Exposes to their sight.

And yet this world, as old as 'tis,  
Is oft deceived by 't too :  
Kind combinations seldom miss,  
Let's try what we can do.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

LOVE still has something of the sea  
From whence his mother rose ;  
No time his slaves from doubt can free  
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,  
And in rough weather tost ;  
They wither under cold delays  
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port ;  
Then straight into the main  
Some angry wind in cruel sport  
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,  
Which if they chance to scape,  
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear  
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come  
And are so long withstood,  
So slowly they receive the sum  
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain ;  
And to defer a joy,  
Believe me, gentle Celemene,  
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears  
Perhaps would not remove ;  
And if I gazed a thousand years  
I could no deeper love.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AMINTAS AND CELIA.

*Celia.*

A MINTAS, I am come alone,  
A silly harmless maid :  
But whither is thy honour flown ?  
I fear I am betrayed :  
Thy looks are changed, and in the place  
Of innocent desires,  
Methinks I see thy eyes and face  
Glow with unusual fires.

*Amintas.* Sees not my Celia Nature wear  
One countenance in the spring,  
And yet another shape prepare  
To bring the harvest in?  
Look on the eagle, how unlike  
He to the egg is found  
When he prepares his pounce to strike  
His prey against the ground.  
Fears might my infant-love become ;  
'Twere want of vigour now,  
Should modesty those hopes benumb  
The place and you allow.

*Celia.* Amintas, hold ! what could you worse  
To worst of women do ?  
Ah how could you a passion nurse  
So much my honour's foe !

*Amintas.* Make not an idol of a toy  
Which every breath can shake,  
Which all must have or none enjoy,  
What course soe'er we take.  
Whilst women hate, or men are vain,  
You cannot be secure :  
What makes my Celia then a pain  
So needless to endure ?

*Celia.* Could I the world neglect for thee,  
Thy love, tho' dear it cost,  
In some unkind conceit of me  
Would be untimely lost :  
Thou wouldst thy own example fear,  
And every heedless word,  
I chance let fall beyond thy ear,  
Would some new doubt afford.

*Amintas.* If I am jealous 'tis because  
I know not where you love :  
With me obey Love's gentle laws  
And all my fears remove.

*Celia.* Women, like things, at second hand  
Do half their value lose ;  
But, whilst all courtship they withstand,  
May at their pleasure choose.

*Amintas.* This were a fine discourse, my dear,  
If we were not alone,  
But now love whispers in my ear  
There's somewhat to be done.

She said she never would forgive ;  
He, kissing, swore she should,  
And told her she was mad to strive  
Against their mutual good.

What further passed I cannot tell,  
But sure not much amiss :  
He vowed he loved her dearly well,  
She answered with a kiss.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

**S**MOOTH was the water, calm the air,  
The evening sun deprest ;  
Lawyers dismissed the noisy bar,  
The labourer at rest ;  
When Strephon with his charming fair  
Crossed the proud river Thames,  
And to a garden did repair  
To quench their mutual flames.  
The crafty waiter soon espied  
Youth sparkling in her eyes ;  
He brought no ham nor neat-tongues dried,  
But cream and strawberries.  
The amorous Strephon asked the maid  
“ What’s whiter than this cream ? ”  
She blushed and could not tell, she said :  
“ Thy teeth, my pretty lamb.



What's redder than these berries are ? ”

“ I know not,” she replied :

“ Those lips, which I'll no longer spare,”

The burning shepherd cried ;

And straight began to hug her :

“ This kiss, my dear,

Is sweeter far

Than strawberries, cream, and sugar.”

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

PHILLIS is my only joy,  
Faithless as the winds or seas ;

Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,

Yet she never fails to please :

If with a frown

I am cast down,

Phillis smiling,

And beguiling,

Makes me happier than before.

Tho' alas ! too late I find

Nothing can her fancy fix,

Yet the moment she is kind

I forgive her all her tricks :

Which tho' I see,  
I can't get free :  
She deceiving,  
I believing :  
What need lovers wish for more ?

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

DAMON, if thou wilt believe me,  
'Tis not sighing round the plain ;  
Songs and sonnets can't relieve thee,  
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion  
And be master of the field ;  
To a powerful kind invasion  
'Tis a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,  
Still indulgent to the brave,  
But one sin of base omission  
Never woman yet forgave.

Though she swears she'll ne'er permit ye,  
Cries you're rude and much to blame,  
Or with tears implores your pity,  
Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,  
Chloris time enough will find  
This her cruel furious lover  
Much more gentle, not so kind.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

ON THE HAPPY CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis  
Sat in a lovely grove,  
Contriving crowns of lilies,  
Repeating toys of love,  
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But as they were a-playing,  
She ogled so the swain  
It saved her plainly saying  
Let's kiss to ease our pain,  
And —————

A thousand times he kist her,  
Laying her on the green ;  
But as he further prest her  
A pretty leg was seen,  
And —————

So many beauties viewing,  
His ardour still increased,  
And, greater joys pursuing,  
He wandered o'er her breast,  
And —————

A last effort she trying  
His passion to withstand,  
Cried, but 'twas faintly crying,  
Pray take away your hand,  
And —————

Young Corydon, grown bolder,  
The minutes would improve ;  
This is the time, he told her,  
To show you how I love,  
And —————

The nymph seemed almost dying,  
Dissolved in amorous heat ;

She kissed and told him, sighing,  
 My dear, your love is great,  
 And —————

But Phillis did recover  
 Much sooner than the swain ;  
 She blushing asked her lover,  
 Shall we not kiss again ?  
 And —————

Thus love his revels keeping,  
 Till nature at a stand,  
 From talk they fell to sleeping,  
 Holding each other's hand,  
 And —————

From SIR CHARLES SEDLEY'S  
*Bellamira, or the Mistress,*  
 1687.

WHEN first I made love to my Chloris,  
 Canon oaths I brought down  
 To batter the town,  
 And I stormed her with amorous stories.

*Billets-doux* like small shot did ply her,  
And sometimes a song  
Went whizzing along ;  
But still I was never the nigher.

At last she sent word by a trumpet,  
If I like that life  
She would be my wife,  
But never be any man's strumpet.

I told her that Mars would not marry,  
And swore by my scars,  
Single combats and wars,  
I'd rather dig stones in a quarry.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid  
Of sighs nor oaths to make it known ;  
And, to convince the cruel'st maid,  
Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,  
And he that most would hide his flame  
Does in that case his pain reveal ;  
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun  
The paths that common lovers tread,  
Whose guilty passions are begun  
Not in their heart but in their head.

I could not sigh and with crossed arms  
Accuse your rigour and my fate ;  
Nor tax your beauty with such charms  
As men adore and women hate :

But careless lived and without art,  
Knowing my love you must have spied,  
And thinking it a foolish part  
To set to show what none can hide.

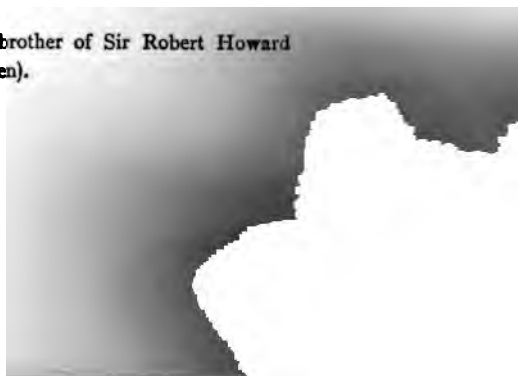
From JAMES HOWARD's<sup>1</sup> *The  
English Monsieur*, 1674.

LADIES, farewell, I must retire :  
Though I your faces all admire  
And think you heavens in your kinds,  
Some for beauties, some for minds ;  
If I stay and fall in love,  
One of these heavens hell would prove.

Could I know one and she not know it,  
Perhaps I then might undergo it ;  
But if the least she guess my mind,  
Straight in a circle I'm confined :  
By this I see who once doth dote  
Must wear a woman's livery coat.

Therefore, this danger to prevent,  
And still to keep my heart's content,  
Into the country I'll with speed,  
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed :  
Both safer pleasures to pursue  
Than staying to converse with you.

<sup>1</sup> James Howard was a brother of Sir Robert Howard  
(and brother-in-law of Dryden).





From THOMAS SHADWELL'S *A  
True Widow*, 1678.

A <sup>1</sup> COPY OF VERSES UPON A FLEA PRESENTED TO  
HIS MISTRESS IN A GOLD CHAIN.

O HAPPY flea, that may'st both kiss and bite,  
Like lovers in their height of appetite,  
Her neck so white !  
Pretty black alderman in golden chain,  
Who suck'st her blood yet put'st her to no pain,  
Whilst I in vain——

[*Cætera desunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> I quote this trifle merely for the whimsical fourth line, "Pretty black alderman in golden chain." In Thomas Heyrick's *Miscellany Poems*, 1691, is a copy of verses by Joshua Barnes, "On a flea presented to a lady, whose breast it had bitten, in a golden wire. 1679" :—

. . . "I saw him surfeit on your lovely breast,  
And snatched the traitor from that precious feast," &c.

From THOMAS SHADWELL'S  
*The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

“STILL wilt thou sigh, and still in vain  
A cold neglectful nymph adore ?  
No longer fruitlessly complain,  
But to thyself thyself restore.  
In youth thou caught'st this fond disease,  
And should'st abandon it in age :  
Some other nymph as well may please ;  
Absence, or business, disengage.”

“On tender hearts the wounds of love,  
Like those imprinted on young trees,  
Or kill at first, or else they prove  
Larger b' insensible degrees.  
Business I tried, she filled my mind ;  
On others' lips my dear I kissed ;  
But never solid joy could find  
Where I my charming Sylvia missed.

" Long absence, like a Greenland <sup>1</sup> night,  
 Made me but wish for sun the more ;  
 And that inimitable light  
 She, none but she, could e'er restore."

" She never once regards thy fire,  
 Nor ever vents one sigh for thee."

" I must the glorious sun admire  
 Though he can never look on me."

" Look well, you'll find she's not so rare ;  
 Much of her former beauty's gone."

" My love, her shadow, larger far  
 Is made by her declining sun.

What if her glories faded be ?

My former wounds I must endure,  
 For, should the bow unbended be,  
 Yet that can never help the cure."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Cowley's verses, *The Parting* :—

" As men in Greenland left beheld the sun  
 From their horizon run,  
 And thought upon the sad half year  
 Of cold and darkness they must suffer there,  
 So on my parting mistress did I look."

By THOMAS OTWAY.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I DID but look and love a-while,  
'Twas but for one half-hour ;  
Then to resist I had no will,  
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease ;  
Sighs, which do heat impart,  
Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart  
One corner of your breast,  
'Twould learn of yours the winning art  
And quickly steal the rest.

By NAHUM TATE.

THE PENANCE.

**N**YMPH Fanaret, the gentlest maid  
That ever happy swain obeyed,  
(For what offence I cannot say)  
A day and night, and half a day,  
Banished her shepherd from her sight :  
His fault for certain was not slight,  
Or sure this tender judge had ne'er  
Imposed a penance so severe.  
And lest she should anon revoke  
What in her warmer rage she spoke,  
She bound the sentence with an oath,  
Protested by her Faith and Troth,  
Nought should compound for his offence  
But the full time of abstinence.  
Yet when his penance-glass were run,  
His hours of castigation done,  
Should he defer one moment's space  
To come and be restored to grace,  
With sparkling threat'ning eyes she swore  
That failing would incense her more  
Than all his trespasses before.

From *The Westminster Drollery*  
(*Second Part*), 1672.

THE AMOROUS GIRL.

THERE'S none so pretty  
As my sweet Betty,  
She bears away the bell ;  
For sweetness and neatness,  
And all completeness,  
All other girls doth excel.

Whenever we meet  
She'll lovingly greet  
Me still with a "How d'ye do?"  
"Well, I thank you," quoth I :  
Then she will reply  
"So am I, sir, the better for you !"

I asked her how ;  
She told me, not now,  
For walls had ears and eyes ;  
Nay she bid me take heed  
Whatever I did,  
For 'tis good to be merry and wise.

Then I took her by th' hand,  
Which she did not withstand,  
And I gave her a smirking kiss ;  
She gave me another,  
Just like the t'other :  
Quoth I, "What a comfort is this !"

This put me in heart  
To play o'er my part  
That I had intended before ;  
But she bid me to hold,  
And not be too bold,  
Until she had fastened the door.

Then she went to the hatch  
To see that the latch  
And crannies were all cocksure ;  
And when she had done  
She bid me come on,  
For now we were both secure.

And what we did there  
I dare not declare,  
But think that silence is best ;  
And if you will know,  
Why, I kissed her, or so,  
But I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

From THOMAS DUFFETT's *New  
Poems, Songs, &c.*, 1676.<sup>1</sup>

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

BEFORE the youthful spring had dyed  
The earth with Flora's chequered pride,  
Before the new-thawed fields were seen  
Dressed in a joyful summer's green ;  
Grey-bearded Winter's frosty chain  
Was just dissolved by Phœbus' wain ;  
And the aspiring God flown high  
To guard the spring in 's infancy,  
Inviting Flora from her bed  
To rob her of her maidenhead :  
Ere fair Aurora's blushing head  
Had edged the eastern hills with red,  
My restless fancy guided me  
Into a happy privacy,  
Where the embracing trees had made  
A pleasant, tho' yet leafless, shade.

<sup>1</sup> This volume is identical with *New Songs and Poems . . .*  
*By P. W., Gent.* 1677.



Each naked branch in coupling wise  
A pretty harmless love-knot ties,  
From which conjunction nature shoots  
Sweet blossoms and delicious fruits :  
The winged music of the air  
Did to this amorous grove repair,  
And with their tempting notes did grace  
The various pleasures of the place.  
As I surprised with wonder sate  
Each bird chose out his feathered mate,  
And seeming fearful of delay  
Through yielding air they cut their way ;  
Some to the woods, some to the groves  
To consummate their eager loves.  
So have I seen at Hymen's feasts  
A company of youthful guests  
A thousand ways advance delight ;  
But when the long-wished lazy night  
To bed invokes the blushing bride  
Love's endless quarrel to decide,  
A silent envy spreads each face,  
The men wish his, the maids her place,  
And ere that single wedding's o'er  
It gives a birth to twenty more.  
Musing how pow'rful Nature was,

Sometimes through prickly thorns I pass,  
Whose winding branches seemed to court  
Me to attend the harmless sport.  
Sometimes I walk by crystal springs  
Whose gliding streams in circling rings  
Unto the music list'ning stood  
Till, pressed by the pursuing flood,  
Their angry murmurs did betray  
How loth they were to pass away.  
Grown weary with this pleasing sight  
(Excess of pleasure dulls delight),  
To rest my drowsy sense, I sought  
The softest, sweetest, grassy plot ;  
But as I wandered here and there,  
A voice arrests my idle ear,  
Which from a neighbouring thicket flies.  
Drawn thither by my greedy eyes,  
Two loving rogues within it lay ;  
And thus I heard the puppets play.  
Long did I muse, but all in vain  
What wanton stars that day did reign,  
But as my steps did homewards stray  
I met my Phœbe by the way,  
My Phœbe whose commanding eyes  
Had made my heart her sacrifice.

To her fair hand I paid a kiss,  
 But she returned a greater bliss :  
 Presenting violets to me,  
 " Good-morrow, Valentine ! " said she.

From *New Airs and Dialogues*,  
 &c., 1678.

MORE<sup>1</sup> love or more disdain I crave ;  
 Sweet, be not still indifferent :

O send me quickly to my grave,  
 Or else afford me more content.  
 Or love or hate me more or less,  
 For Love abhors all lukewarmness.

Give me a tempest if 'twill drive  
 Me to the place where I would be ;  
 Or if you'll have me still alive,  
 Confess you will be kind to me.  
 Give hopes of bliss or dig my grave :  
 More love or more disdain I crave.

*These words were made*  
*by MR. CHARLES WEBBE.*

<sup>1</sup> Set to music by Henry Purcell.

*From New Aires and Dialogues  
composed for Voices and  
Viols, 1678.*

WHEN<sup>1</sup> I a lover pale do see  
Ready to faint and sickish be,  
With hollow eyes, and cheeks so thin  
As all his face is nose and chin ;  
When such a ghost I see in pain  
Because he is not loved again,  
And pale and faint and sigh and cry ;  
Oh there's your loving fool ! say I.

'Tis love with love should be repaid  
And equally on both sides laid ;  
Love is a load a horse would kill  
If it do hang on one side still ;  
But if he needs will be so fond  
As rules of reason go beyond,  
And love where he's not loved again,  
Faith, let him take it for his pain.

<sup>1</sup> Set to music by Henry Purcell.

From *New Airs and Dialogues*,  
1678.

**M**AIDS, beware ! maids, beware !  
Nets and traps men's kisses are,  
Spread and set merely in wiles,  
Baited with oaths, false tears, and smiles.  
Fie, away ! fie, away !  
Indeed you must not : nay, nay, nay !  
If I should yield I were undone :  
You have your answer, now begone !

By ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF  
WHARTON.

**H**OW hardly I concealed my tears,  
How oft did I complain !  
When, many tedious days, my fears  
Told me I loved in vain.  
But now my joys as wild are grown,  
And hard to be concealed ;  
Sorrow may make a silent moan,  
But joy will be revealed.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,  
 To every stream and tree ;  
 And bless the hollow murmuring rocks  
 For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy  
 We want, we wish, believe ;  
 'Tis hard such passion to destroy,  
 But easy to deceive.

From JOHN PLAYFORD'S *Fifth*  
*Book of Choice Airs*, 1684.

"TELL me, Jenny, tell me roundly,  
 When will you your heart surrender ?  
 Faith and troth, I love thee soundly,  
 'Twas I that was the first pretender.  
 Ne'er say nay, nor delay,  
 Here's my heart and here's my hand too ;  
 All that's mine shall be thine,  
 Body and goods at thy command too."  
 "Ah ! how many maids," quoth Jenny,  
 Have you promised to be true to ?  
 Fie, I think the devil's in ye<sup>1</sup>  
 To kiss a body so as you do.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "you."

What d'ye [do]? let me go ;  
I can't abide such foolish doing.  
Get you gone ! naughty man !  
Fie, is this your way of wooing ! "

From PHILIP AYRES' *Lyric  
Poems, made in imitation  
of the Italians*, 1687.

## THE MORN.

WHEN light begins the eastern heaven to  
    grace,  
And the night's torches to the sun give place,  
Diana leaves her shepherd to his sleep,  
Grieved that her horns cannot their lustre keep ;  
  
The boughs on which the wanton birds do throng  
Dance to the music of their chirping song,  
Whilst they rejoice the dusky clouds are fled  
And bright Aurora rises from her bed ;  
  
Then fools and flatterers to courts resort,  
Lovers of game up and pursue the sport ;  
With last night's sleep refreshed, the lab'ring swain  
Cheerfully settles to his work again ;

Pleased Hob unfolds his flocks, and, whilst they  
    feed,  
Sits and makes music on his oaten reed :  
Then I wake too, and viewing Lesbia's charms  
Do glut myself with pleasure in her arms.

By JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE  
OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

I MUST confess I am untrue  
    To Gloriana's eyes ;  
But he that's smiled upon by you  
    Must all the world despise.

In winter fires of little worth  
    Excite our dull desire ;  
But when the sun breaks kindly forth  
    Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now  
    What I did once adore :  
O do but this one change allow,  
    And I can change no more ;



Fixt by your never-failing charms  
Till I with age decay,  
Till languishing within your arms  
I sigh my soul away.

By JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE  
OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

COME, Celia, let's agree at last  
To love and live in quiet ;  
Let's tie the knot so very fast  
That time shall ne'er untie it.  
Love's dearest joys they never prove,  
Who free from quarrels live ;  
'Tis sure a godlike part of love  
Each other to forgive.  
When least I seemed concerned I took  
No pleasure, nor had rest ;  
And when I feigned an angry look,  
Alas ! I loved you best.  
Say but the same to me, you'll find  
How blest will be our fate ;  
Sure to be grateful, to be kind,  
Can never be too late.

By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

TELL me no more I am deceived,  
That Chloe's false and common ;  
By Heaven ! I all along believed  
She was a very woman ;  
As such I liked, as such caressed,  
She still was constant,—when possessed :  
She could do more for no man.

But oh ! her thoughts on others ran,  
And that you think a hard thing ?  
Perhaps she fancied you the man ?  
Why, what care I one farthing ?  
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,  
I'll take her body, you her mind :  
Who has the better bargain ?

By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

**P**IOUS Selinda<sup>1</sup> goes to prayers  
If I but ask the favour ;  
And yet the tender fool's in tears  
When she believes I'll leave her.  
Would I were free from this restraint,  
Or else had hopes to win her ;  
Would she could make of me a saint,  
Or I of her a sinner !

By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

**F**AIR Amoret is gone astray,  
Pursue and seek her every lover ;  
I'll tell the signs by which you may  
The wand'ring shepherdess discover.  
Coquet and coy at once her air,  
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected ;  
Careless she is with artful care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Bracegirdle.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
For that which in herself she prizes;  
And while she laughs at them, forgets  
She is the thing that she despises.

From JOHN WILSON'S *Belphe-*  
*gor*, 1690.

WERE I to take wife,  
As 'tis for my life,  
She should be brisk, pleasant, and merry;  
A lovely fine brown,  
A face all her own,  
With a lip red and round as a cherry.  
Not much of the wise,  
Less of the precise,  
Nor over-reserved, nor yet flying;  
Hard breasts, a straight back,  
An eye full and black,  
But languishing as she were dying.

And then for her dress,  
Be't more or be't less,  
Not tawdry set out nor yet meanly ;  
And one thing beside,  
Just, just so much pride  
As may serve to keep honest and cleanly.

By ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS  
OF WINCHILSEA.

PERSUADE me not there is a grace  
Proceeds from Silvia's voice or lute,  
Against Miranda's charming face  
To make her hold the least dispute.

Music, which tunes the soul for love  
And stirs up all our soft desires,  
Does but the growing flame improve  
Which pow'rful Beauty first inspires.

Thus, whilst with art she plays and sings,  
I to Miranda, standing by,  
Impute the music of the strings  
And all the melting words apply.

From THOMAS SOUTHERNE'S  
*Sir Antony Love, 1691.*

PURSUING beauty, men descry  
The distant shore and long to prove  
(Still richer in variety)  
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand,  
Inviting, from our golden coast,  
The wand'ring rovers to our land :  
But she who trades with 'em is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,  
Stealing, unseen, into the heart ;  
But, by possession settled in,  
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baublés we resign  
In ignorance our shining store ;  
Discover nature's richest mine,  
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try  
How he can court or you be won,  
For love is but discovery :  
When that is made the pleasure's done.

By GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD  
LANSDOWNE.

TO MIRA.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent  
To vex a tender heart?

To gold and title you relent ;  
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great,  
For pay let armies move :  
Beauty should have no other bait  
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay  
The value that's their due,  
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
A thousand worlds too few :

But if a passion without vice,  
Without disguise or art,  
Ah, Mira, if true love's your price,  
Behold it in my heart.

By LORD LANSDOWNE.

CHLOE'S the wonder of her sex,  
'Tis well her heart is tender :  
How might such killing eyes perplex,  
With virtue to defend her !

But Nature, graciously inclined  
With liberal hand to please us,  
Has to her boundless beauty joined  
A boundless bent to ease us.

By LORD LANSDOWNE.

CHLOE.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last  
I ventured to lay forms aside :  
'Twas I was modest, not she chaste :  
Chloe, so gently pressed, complied.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,  
I gazed upon her eyes with fear :  
Say, Love, how came your slave so dull  
To read no better there ?



Thus to ourselves the greatest foes,  
Altho' the nymph be well inclined,  
For want of courage to propose,  
By our own folly she's unkind.

By LORD LANSDOWNE.

CORINNA.

SO well Corinna likes the joy,  
She vows she'll never more be coy,  
She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure :  
Eternal draughts do not suffice,  
"O ! give me, give me more," she cries,  
"Tis all too little, little measure."

Thus wisely she makes up for time  
Misspent, while youth was in its prime :  
So travellers who waste the day,  
Careful and cautious of their way,  
Noting at length the setting sun,  
They mend their pace as night comes on,  
Double their speed to reach their inn,  
And whip and spur through thick and thin.

By TOM BROWN.

TO<sup>1</sup> charming Cælia's arms I flew,  
 And there all night I feasted ;  
 No god such transport ever knew,  
 Or mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,  
 And blessed beyond expressing,  
 "How can your slave, my fair," said I,  
 "Reward so great a blessing ?

"The whole creation's wealth survey,  
 O'er both the Indies wander ;  
 Ask what bribed senates give away,  
 And fighting monarchs squander ;

<sup>1</sup> An imitation of the following epigram of Martial (xii. 65) :—

"Formosa Phillis nocte cum mihi tota  
 Se prætittisset omnibus modis largam,  
 Et cogitarem mane quod darem munus,  
 Utrumne Cosmi, Nicerotis an libram,  
 An Bæticarum pondus acre lanarum,  
 An de moneta Cæsaris decem flavos :  
 Amplexa collum basioque tam longo  
 Blandita, quam sunt nuptiæ columbarum,  
 Rogare cepit Phillis amphoram vini."

Q

"The richest spoils of earth and air,  
The rifled ocean's treasure :  
'Tis all too poor a bribe by far  
To purchase so much pleasure."

She blushing cried, " My life, my dear,  
Since Cælia thus you fancy,  
Give her—but 'tis too much, I fear,—  
A rundlet of right Nantzy."

By WILLIAM WALSH.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent :  
The off'ring all your store  
Is now but like a pardon sent  
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel proved,  
And grant the bliss too late,  
You hindered me of one I loved  
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair ·  
When first my court I made ;  
But when your falsehoods plain appear  
My love no longer stayed.  
Your bounty of those favours shown,  
Whose worth you first deface,  
Is melting valued metals down  
And giving us the brass.  
Oh since the thing we beg 's a toy  
That's prized by love alone,  
Why cannot women grant the joy  
Before our love is gone ?

By WILLIAM WALSH.


THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

**D**ISTRACTED with care  
For Phillis the fair,  
Since nothing could move her,  
Poor Damon, her lover,  
Resolves in despair  
No longer to languish  
Nor bear so much anguish ;

But, mad with his love,  
To a precipice goes,  
Where a leap from above  
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,  
Beholding how steep  
The sides did appear,  
And the bottom how deep ;  
His torments projecting,  
And sadly reflecting  
That a lover forsaken  
A new love may get,  
But a neck when once broken  
Isn't easily set ;

And that he could die  
Whenever he would,  
But that he could live  
But as long as he could :  
How grievous soever  
The torment might grow,  
He scorned to endeavour  
To finish it so ;



And bold, unconcerned  
At thoughts of the pain,  
He calmly returned  
To his cottage again.

By BISHOP ATTERBURY.


WRITTEN ON A WHITE FAN BORROWED FROM MISS  
OSBORNE, AFTERWARDS HIS WIFE.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy  
Can with resistless art employ :  
This fan in meaner hands would prove  
An engine of small force in love ;  
Yet she with graceful air and mien,  
Not to be told or safely seen,  
Directs its wanton motions so  
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;  
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
To every other breast—a flame.

By JOHN OLDMIXON.

THE GROVE.

O 'TIS sweet, 'tis wondrous sweet  
When I and Amaryllis meet  
In a fragrant shady grove,  
Full of wishes, full of love.  
O what pretty things we say !  
How the minutes fly away !  
When, with glances mingling kisses,  
We prepare for softer blisses ;  
On some mossy bank we lie,  
Play and touch, embrace and die ;  
Then from little feuds and jars  
We proceed to amorous wars ;  
O how many heavens we find !  
I am young and she is kind,  
Kind and free without design,  
Mine at will and only mine ;  
Smiling always, always toying,  
Ever fond, yet never cloying.  
Could the coldest hermit see  
Half the sweets enjoyed by me

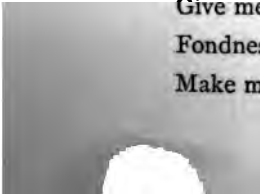


Happy once to see her eyes,  
Press her lips and hear her sighs,  
Clasp her waist and touch her skin,  
Soon he would forget the sin :  
All his darling hopes of bliss  
In a distant Paradise,  
All with ease he would resign  
For a minute's taste of mine.

By JOHN OLDMIXON.

TO CHLOE.

PRITHEE, Chloe, not so fast,  
Let's not run and wed in haste ;  
We've a thousand things to do ;  
You must fly and I pursue,  
You must frown and I must sigh,  
I intreat and you deny.  
Stay—if I am never crost,  
Half the pleasure will be lost.  
Be, or seem to be, severe ;  
Give me reason to despair :  
Fondness will my wishes cloy,  
Make me careless of the joy.





Lovers may of course complain  
 Of their trouble and their pain,  
 But, if pain and trouble cease,  
 Love without it will not please.

By JOHN OLDMIXON.

WHEN with Flavia I am toying  
 She with little sports gives o'er;  
 Kissing is not half enjoying,  
 Youth and passion covet more.  
 Every touch, methinks, should move her  
 And to dearer joys invite,  
 When she knows how much I love her  
 And is fond of the delight.

Oh I see her young and tender,  
 Feel her lips with passion warm,  
 See her ready to surrender  
 When her fears dissolve the charm!  
 Banish, Flavia, all suspicion  
 All your sullen doubts  
 Trust me, there's no word  
 Than to wish I not

By JOHN OLDMIXON.

THOSE arts which common beauties move,  
Corinna, you despise :

You think there's nothing wise in love  
Or eloquent in sighs.

You laugh at ogle, cant, and song,  
And promises abuse :

But say—for I have courted long—  
What methods shall I use ?

We must not praise your charms and wit,  
Nor talk of dart and flame ;

But sometimes you can think it fit  
To smile at what you blame.

Your sex's forms, which you disown,  
Alas ! you can't forbear ;

But in a minute smile and frown,  
Are tender and severe.

Corinna, let us now be free ;  
No more your arts pursue,  
Unless you suffer me to be  
As whimsical as you.

R

At last the vain dispute desist,  
To love resign the field :  
'Twas custom forced you to resist,  
And custom bids you yield.

By PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX.

MAN is for the woman made,  
And the woman made for man ;  
As the spur is for the jade,  
As the scabbard for the blade,  
As for digging is the spade,  
As for liquor is the can,  
So man is for the woman made  
And the woman made for man.

As the sceptre's to be swayed,  
As for night's the serenade,  
As for pudding is the pan  
And to cool us is the fan,  
So man is for the woman made  
And the woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,  
Be she wanton, be she staid,  
Be she well or ill arrayed,  
Whore, bawd, or harridan,  
Yet man is for the woman made  
And the woman made for man.

By *PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUK.*

**I** LOVE, but she alone shall know,  
Who is herself my treasure :  
Vain lovers when their joys they show  
Call partners to their pleasure :  
Let empty beaux the favour miss  
While they would have it known ;  
That soul's too narrow for the bliss  
Who can't enjoy alone.

Then never let my love be told  
By way of modern toasting ;  
The sweetest joy, like fairy gold,  
Is lost by selfish boasting.  
Too rich to show, what I profess,  
My treasure I'll conceal ;  
I may my pains of love confess,  
But ne'er my joys reveal.

By PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX.

**B**OASTING fops, who court the fair  
For the fame of being loved,  
You who daily prating are  
Of the hearts your charms have moved,  
Still be vain in talk and dress,  
But, while shadows you pursue,  
Own that some who boast it less  
May be blest as much as you.

Love and birding are allied,  
Baits and nets alike they have,  
The same arts in both are tried  
The unwary to enslave :  
If in each you'd happy prove,  
Without noise still watch your prey ;  
For, in birding and in love,  
While we talk it flies away.



By THOMAS RYMER.

A KIND MAN TO HIS FROWARD MATE.

PHILLIS, I expect caresses,  
Lay that angry vizard by ;  
I know better what the face is  
That obtained the victory  
And first made a slave of me :  
'Twas adorned with all the Graces,  
Which from this affrighted flee.  
  
Never labour to unsettle,  
Never strive where Fates ordain ;  
In a sort of stubborn metal  
Linked together we remain :  
Trust me, Phillis, 'tis in vain,  
'Tis unwise to make it rattle,  
When we cannot break the chain.  
  
By the huff, the heat, the clamour,  
Surely Vulcan's forge is near,  
Where Jove's angry bolts they hammer ;  
Love no shafts has pointed here,  
'Tis too hot for Love to bear :  
Bless me, if e'er this enamour !  
Phillis, pray this heat forbear.

This is fire to burn a city ;  
Give us Love's kind, gentle flame,  
Where two hearts, in mutual treaty,  
All by-wandering thoughts reclaim,  
Every spark of discord tame,  
And, o'erwhelmed with amorous pity,  
Pant and melt and glow<sup>1</sup> the same.

By THOMAS RYMER.

LATE when Love I seemed to slight,  
Phyllis smiled, as well she might.  
"Now," said she, "our throne may tremble,  
Men our province now invade ;  
Men take up our royal trade ;  
Men, even men, do now dissemble :  
In the dust our Empire's laid."

Tutored by the wise and grave,  
Loath was I to be a slave :  
*Mistress* sounded arbitrary,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "grow."

So I chose to hide my flame ;  
*Friendship* a discreeter name :  
 But she scorns one jot to vary,  
 She will Love or nothing claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,  
 Rather than the warmest friend :  
 Friendship of another kind is,  
 Swedish coin of gross allay,  
 A cart-load will scarce defray :  
 Love, one grain, is worth the Indies,  
 Only Love is current pay.

From GEORGE FARQUHAR'S  
*The Constant Couple*, 1700.

THUS Damon knocked at Celia's door,  
 He sighed and begged and wept and swore :  
     The sign was so : [*Knocks.*  
     She answered "No,  
     No, no, no." [*Knocks thrice.*  
 Again he sighed, again he prayed :  
 "No, Damon, no, I am a maid ;



Consider,

No,

I'm a maid.

No," &c.

At last his sighs and tears made way ;

She rose and softly turned the key :

" Come in," said she, " but do not stay ;

I may conclude

You will be rude :

But, if you are, you may."





1







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